



The Truth



👁 25 ✓ 17 ★ 13

Chapter 1 by Robert Hernandez

I really can't hide myself from nothing, but I only remember that it started at day one. It was a hot summer day in July, everything was just alright that I can see it. It was just me and my FaceBook that I know. And then there it was a post that I seen from a girl, it was really something I should try to help out. And when I talk to her, hi I'm Robert and you are? I'm Samantha, nice to met you. I remember it all started from there.

Chapter 2 by intellikat



She was depressed. I knew that much. The pictures were hints; the one-liners a clarifier. We began chatting right away, and within a week I was ready to meet her in person. We mutually chose the LyanLyan Mall, downtown. 9:15pm in front of the cinema.

Chapter 3 by Robert Hernandez



And then after we watch our movie, we both went out for a slice of pizza. As we walk down the street, a car was speeding down and want I seen a young kid about the age of 10 got killed. So after the car left I ran down the street and check on the poor kid, and then, no plus.

Chapter 4 by intellikat



No plus, no minus, no long division. But the crazy thing was... I WAS THE 10-YEAR OLD KID.

Chapter 5 by intellikat

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I don't know what happen
my own blood, watching n

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son of the kid... lying in
life slowly ebbed away. I

felt what it was like to be this child... afraid, alone, dying. And when his life disappeared into the void, my own returned to my body and I felt as if a lifetime had passed.

Half an hour later, Samantha and I were sitting in a diner. I was trying to make sense out of what had happened.

"You are a synespath," she said. "I knew if from the first time we chatted. It's how you were able to experience that boy's final moments. And it's how I want you to do the same for me, Robert."

Chapter 6 by intellikat



"Okay," I replied. "But there's one thing you should know first. I have a tendency to fall in love quickly and there is usually a torrid sex scene in the 7th chapter before something dreadful happening in the 8th."

Chapter 7 by intellikat



As the last word trickled from my lips, our eyes met and my heart began pounding. I was in love... again.

We both leapt to our feet, devouring one another with our eyes. Salivating, I whipped off my puffy Gap vest and threw it to the floor. She did the same with her denim jacket. The occupants of the diner watched in stunned silence as we stripped one another to our sweaty skin and made love like golden elk upon the table-- ham, eggs, and pancake bits crushed beneath our body weight as plates and plastic cups clattered to the floor. It took hours. When he had finished, we dressed again in the afterglow of love and sat back down in our booth. I motioned for a waitress and we reordered, now starving from the energetic ordeal.

Our waitress looked familiar. I couldn't place her at first, but something dreadful stuck in the back of my mind as I searched her face for my own recognition.

Chapter 8 by intellikat



It wasn't a thought that was stuck in the back of my mind. It took only a split second of recognition as the pain swelled at the base of my spine, a machete blade that had lodged itself into the back of my head.

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Samantha screamed as I felt myself slump forward. Somehow, I still had the ability to pull myself upward and I struggled to find my feet.

The waitress was standing above me, and it was now that I realised who she was.

"Robert," she spoke. I felt the pain in the back of my head again and I sense the machete blade being pulled free by someone I could not yet see. "Robert. You should have never escaped the compound. You were our best and most viable candidate. You were the one who was to bring order to the chaos of the Story Wars universe. To sense the intentions of authors you had never met, to know where their stories were headed... what their misspelt lines actually meant. You were to bind together the frayed chapters and restore order. Why did you ever leave and start your own story? Why, oh why."

The figure behind me came into view. It was Dr. Johansson, the director of the Institute for Synespathy. The one who had recruited me and brought me into his project.

"I'm sorry Robert Hernandez. You wrote yourself into a story. That's a no-no. And the story got out of your hands. Inbred writing by only one other author. I must kill you. It's not the real you, of course, but your literary avatar. I hope you enjoyed the eight brief chapters of your existence."

And with that, the nordic battle-axe I took to be a machete swung a final time, crushing my head.

In my dying moments, I sensed and understood what it was to be Dr. Johansson, and I held him no ill-will.

the end

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